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### THE FIRESIDE.

When the snow-flakes softly rattle
On the darkened window-pane,
And the night winds moan and murmur
In a wild and fitful strain—
O, how welcome is the cheerful,
Brightly burning, ruddy light,
Glowing from the evening fireside,
Glowing, sparkling, warm, and bright!

How the mellow beams are dancing
On the ceiling in the hall,
E'en within the heart's dark corners,
With a gentle glance they fall.
And in the clear and pleasant radiance,
As in waves of gold it plays,
Melts the soul that's filled with sadness,
Lights the eye with radiant rays.

Loved ones meet around the fireside,
Through the dreary winter eve,
Whilst the storm without is wildest,
Tales of other days to weave.
Songs that to the heart are dearest,
Breathe upon the hallowed air,
Voices gay in mirth are mingled,
"Household words" are sweeter there.

How the aged and the weary,
Look back to the happy hearth,
By whose merry light they started,
Ere they tasted aught but mirth.
Though the glow has long been faded,
Brighter than of yore it burns,
When the spirit, worn with wandering,
To that cherished vision turns.

Then, when falling snow-flakes rattle
On the darkened window-pane,
Let us gather round the fireside,
Heedless of the night-wind's reign.
And when life's cold winter cometh,
'Mid the darkness and the storm,
We'll again in memory's chamber
Meet around the fireside warm.

From Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine.

### THE STUDENT'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

It was a week before commencement at Dartmouth. A rap at the door of one of the students' rooms, and its inmate hastily but quietly folded a manuscript which he had been studying intently by the light of his lamp, and turned the key of a trunk upon it, before answering the summons. "I know who's there," was legible on his finely chisled lips, which first curled unpleasantly, then settled themselves almost as rigidly as those of a statue.

"Good evening, Mr. Raymond—will you come in?"

"Good evening, Lyle—thank you."

The visitor, Edgar Raymond, advanced to a seat, while Wordsworth Lyle returned to the one he had quitted. The young men face to face across a writing-table, in the moment of silence that ensued, appeared in striking contrast.—Lyle had the slender frame and thin, pale cheek, which characterize mental temperament greatly predominating. His eyes, of hazel blue, which always from the declamation platform sent flashes over the hall like the radiations of a double Koh-i-noor, were now dropped partially; and could you have met them full, you could have read in them no more of his thoughts than of the concealed manuscript through the lock of the trunk at his suspended left hand. Raymond's figure was firm as a young oak, his complexion dark—eyes and hair intensely black, his expression, perhaps, slightly sinister, yet eminently active and companionable. Fowler would never have given him small self-esteem nor large benevolence; and still his chart would as a whole have been one he might be proud to exhibit.

"Prize essay quite ready, of course?" interrogated Raymond, leaning full toward the other and tapping with a small, wooden rule he had picked up from the table.

"Who informed you, pray, that I was to enter for the prize?" returned Lyle, a little haughtily.

"O, pooh now! Ha, ha, ha! What will you take for your right in the contest? Nothing short of the one hundred dollars there's a chance of winning, I bet my head. Afraid of losing at that, eh?—the fame, you know."

He looked hard at Lyle, who made no reply, nor in the least altered his position. Then, having accompanied himself in a few whistle through the measures of "Uncle Ned," Raymond cast down the rule in its place, sat upright and folded his arms.

"Lyle," he resumed, taking a serious tone for the one of bantering, "if you want the amount of the prize and stand aside, here's your money."

He caught from a pocket a couple of fifty dollar coins and tossed them, glittering yellow, across the table. The other looked up quickly.

"I do mean it, precisely," the planter's son replied to that look. "Engage yourself to bring in no essay, and that pair of wheels is for your pocket. I've looked the whole matter in the face, and so, doubtless, have you. Without Wordsworth Lyle in the lists, Edgar Raymond's chances are ten to one; with him they are less than one to one. The name of producing the prize essay would please me well enough; so if you consider a bird in the hand worth two in the bush, why here's an opportunity."

The child of the poor widow was tempted. His pulses doubled their strokes, sending an excited flush to his cheeks; he reasoned hurriedly with himself, while the milestones along the way he had lately come seemed to rush past him in review.

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered through the board for the best essay from the graduating class, could hardly have been so coveted by any one else as by Wordsworth Lyle.—In the last four years he had proved the value of a hundred dollars—nay, dollars singly. At sacrifice and with struggling such as only a devoted mother would be willing to make, and a true lover of learning persist in, he had been sent to college and his course thus nearly accomplished. In spite of sacrifice and struggling, now toward the last some bills were filling up, which caused burning anxiety to mother and son. The winning of the prize, all knew, lay most likely between Raymond and Lyle; and often during the preparation of his article, the latter had stimulated himself with repeating:—"If he is no more than my equal, I must succeed; for I labor from two motives, he but one."

Here, then, was the money—he might secure that; and the second motive, fame, was but an empty bubble. Those who should best know pronounced it no more. And yet, quote the philosophy experience as he would, the young student could not smother the fire of ambition in his breast. Honor was bright and rich in the prospect, at least—brighter, richer than, in itself, the bribe that lay before him. Pride took side with ambition in the self-consultation, and Lyle answered manfully:

"No, I will not begin so soon to sell my birthright of mind for golden pottage. Fair competition shall be the word, and let him who wins the victory enjoy the spoils also."

"Very well," said the other; but he bit his lip, as he took the gold pieces, feeling half ashamed that he had offered them, and vexed that they had been rejected. "Very well, if you can afford the risk, I certainly can."

Lyle's face flushed again, and deeply, for he was morbidly sensitive to any intimation touching his poverty; yet, knowing that no discourtesy was intended, with a frankness he seldom used toward the favored southerner, he rejoined:

"Yes, Raymond, you can afford it. Should you be unsuccessful—which I fear you are a little likely to be—it will be none the worse for you. Neither yourself nor your mother—"

He went no further; he could scarcely trust his voice, and that was a name too sacred for utterance to one who it was impossible should understand the emotions it stirred in his bosom. Raymond generously broke the silence before it became very oppressive.

"There is another thing Lyle, which it strikes me you and I can equally afford—that is, to be friends. We have both discovered by this time that science is not like the child which was in litgation before Solomon—that must be divided, or only one could possess it. We have each gained our cause, and henceforward, I should say, might quit antagonistic positions. I have at times been overbearing—you have constantly been reserved. Regarding the essays, all are to be in the hands of the examining committee by to-morrow, you know. What's done, is finished; mutual confidences can affect nothing now, if they could ever. If you are so disposed, I would be gratified to know the subject you have chosen to write upon, and there," producing a manuscript and passing it over to Lyle, "is mine; read it to the end, for any objections I have."

"I have repeated my subject in your hearing already," said Lyle. "The Birthright of Mind."

He opened the sheets that were handed him, glanced merely at the title—"Nature: Her Perfections and their Analysis"—and returning the manuscript, reciprocated the amicable sentiments its author had just expressed. In doing so, he first remarked in Raymond an unusual look of excitement, which, however, very naturally attributing to the circumstances and conversation, he gave no further thought at the time. In first, and last it proved last evidence of amity newly bespoken, the two students sealed their packages upon the same table, and together deposited them in a box prepared for the purpose in one of the halls.

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The day eagerly anticipated had arrived; but a shadow rested upon those classic walls, for one who had given most startling promise of reflecting their honor, had received his eternal degree. The morning following what is before narrated, Edgar Raymond was conveyed ill of a fever, to the house of a friend a few miles away; and five days later, tidings reached his fellow-students that a coffin bearing his name was on its way to his blighted home.

The public services were nearly concluded.—It remained only to pronounce the successful essay and award the prize. Many that day had done themselves real credit, but the noblest distinction rested upon Wordsworth Lyle; and still those who understood him well, saw that he was waiting and watching with exceeding interest. Mrs. Lyle, from her seat just by the stage, which her son had at pains obtained for her—for he felt that a sight of her calm, beloved countenance could inspire firmness in every ordeal—saw it in his look and manner, and felt it in his hot, panting breath, as at every opportunity he came to speak to her some cheerful, affectionate word.

No allusion to the matter passed their lips; yet the mother, living in her son, sharing all his aspirations, sympathizing with every pulsation of his breast, caught the fever of suspense that was torturing his brain and making each nerve of his being to vibrate, till a flame seemed scorching her own cheeks, and the heart threw out its blood with a violence that set the veins of her temple throbbing with acute pain. Doting mother! dutiful son! human hearts were never agitated more unselfishly—the former secretly agonized in the unmingled desire that her son might not feel his triumph dashed of its completeness; the latter, for the hour at least, thought lightly of everything relating to the prize beyond its very self—"the hundred dollars"—and its relief to the mother who had nourished his mind literally by denying her own body.

"I am afraid you are ill, mother," the youth whispered, bending over her.

"Nothing to mind; only a trifle weary was the reply.

At that moment the president came before the audience, and all eyes, except Lyle's, waited on him intently. Standing behind his mother, one arm laid across her shoulder, and his head slightly bowed above hers, he seemed struck into petrifaction.—He heard as from a speaker very remote, and yet distinctly as though sounded from a trumpet in his ear, the promise that the essay selected by the committee for that purpose, as most worthy among those offered, would to the evening be publicly read, and afterwards printed.

There was a brief pause, and a thrill as though an electric current from the clouds had descended upon him, was felt by the students in every extremity of his frame. The president proceeded:

"This prize essay is entitled: 'Nature; Her Perfections and their Analysis,' and written by William Wordsworth Lyle."

His name—another's production. The young man comprehended on the instant. The names of the authors had not appeared in the manuscripts, but accompanied them separately; in the hands of the committee, Raymond's and his own had accidentally been exchanged one for the other—and hence the mistake.

Every one may have experienced a whirlwind of thought, when questions, answers, suggestions and possibilities rush together through the mind in a single second's space. Thus it happened with Wordsworth Lyle. The clasp of his mothers hand upon his was tightened; he felt the finger's trembling with the heart's sublime gush of thanksgiving. Raising his eyes, there appeared directly before him a household which ordinarily we should term his "friends," because, being relatives, they ought to be such. It's head was his father's brother, the rich Esquire Lyle. The gentleman sat now in his shining broadcloth, velvet trimmed, with the heavy black satin buttoned over his corporal magnitude, and his hands in their perfect kids, viewing the graduate as complacently as though he had not, in her trial, withheld from his widowed sister-in-law everything beyond his lordly advice to "put the boy on a farm," and grown absolutely terrific when, instead of its being followed, "the simpleton was indulged in his ridiculous notion of going to college."

"My nephew," was the proud communication Wordsworth traced in the motion of his uncle's lips, turned toward a stranger who was present in his company, sitting at his left hand. On the right of her father was Miss Maria Lizzy, who had so often tossed her shell combs and wondered if her pauper cousin thought to make himself great. At this moment she smiled upon him, as though thinking him sweeter and dearer than the boquet in her hand. Besides these, there were real friends, whose eyes were eloquent with their congratulations; and many whom he had never met before were perusing his face with eagerness and admiration, because of the high distinction he had gained. Was he called upon to disappoint true friends, and humble himself before the false? Why might he not in silence retain the laurel crown, since he who should have worn it could never feel its grateful touch? One breath he hesitated after hearing his summons to the stage; then with a disinterestedness which ever accompanies a resolution to do right, ascended the steps and stood before his superior—his fine face glowing forth the words he was immediately to utter. At no time that day had his voice sounded firmer, clearer, than when he said:

"Honored sir, and"—to the audience—"my friends, I find some mistake in this. I have not the honor to be the author of the essay which has just been announced in connection with my name. The prize, however much I may have desired it, is not mine to receive. Honor and award belong to my lamented classmate, Edgar Raymond."

He bowed, and was hurrying from the gaze of the multitude, when the president stopped him with some question put in a low tone. A moment, and he was led forward again. The president spoke:

"There is, indeed, a mistake in the announcement just made—not, however, in the name of the author, but in the title of the manuscript. The successful essay is "The Birthright of Mind," the writer is still William Wordsworth Lyle."

He said this with an enthusiasm of voice and look which instantly communicated itself to the throng of spectators; and when he added that what they had witnessed was but an example of the noble uprightness which had characterized that young man in his entire collegiate course, remembrance of the departed alone subdued a general outburst of applause.

Lyle received the prize and retired with gratification at his success—almost overpowered by confusion at hearing himself thus publicly lauded.

The next morning, as he was about leaving with his happy parent for their home, a purse was sent him containing four times the amount of the prize; and on a slip of paper attached was written:—"The Reward of Integrity—from a few friends, new and old."

### Intense Cold.

Many of the harbors at the North are closed by ice, which also offers serious obstructions to navigation in some of the Southern ports. At Lynchburgh, on Friday last, the thermometer was down to 11 degrees above zero. At Savannah it has indicated 18 above, and in Florida 21 above, being the coldest weather ever known in that region. Ice formed two inches in thickness. In Havana, a severe frost did considerable injury to the crops, a phenomenon almost unknown in that latitude. In all the western rivers steamers are frozen up. The great lakes are covered with firm ice, extending many miles from shore. In the north western states the severity of the weather is almost unprecedented, and men and animals have perished in great numbers. A sample of the terrible winter in that locality is shown by the following accounts from Iowa last week:

"The roads were impassable. Sleds, merchandise and property were abandoned to the storms.—Many men and cattle were frozen to death in the highway. South of that line a party of Government surveyors took shelter from a snow storm in a ravine, which seamed the prairie. They pitched their tent upon three feet of snow, rigged a stove whose pipe ran up through the top of the tent, ate, and went to sleep. A difficulty of breathing aroused the party early, and it was discovered that the ravine had drifted chock full, and that the snow was three feet above the top of the tent and the top of the pipe. Out of the entire surveying party of which they were a part, two men froze to death, two waded the prairie snows in stocking feet, unable to draw on their stiff boots, and all were disabled, permanently or temporarily, by the freezing of the extremities."—National Intelligencer, January 15th.

### THE OLD YEARS GRAVES.

BY MRS. J. L. HEWITT.

There was sound of mirth by the lowly hearth
And lordly mansion high;
For the grey Old Year in his mantle sere,
Had folded him down to die.
And the midnight clang of his death-knell rang
O'er an hundred blazing pyres,
As they gathered him there by the fire-light's glare
To the tomb of his hoary sires.

Oh! my heart was sad 'mid the voices glad;
For I thought of the Old Year's graves—
On the warm tears wept for the brave who slept
In the ocean's tide-worn caves.
I am old! I am old! There were locks of gold
In their brightness snatched away;
And the bounding form, and the young heart warm
Now fatten the worm—Decay.

There were eyes of light on my pathway bright,
There were arms that round me clung;
They sleep in the fold of the death-shroud cold,
The tenanted tombs among.
Where the ivy creeps—where the night-wind sweeps—
Where battens the warm, Decay,
They are there! they are there! thro' the midnight air
They are beckoning me away.

Oh! the New Year hath come from his far-off home,
O'er the frost-bound Arctic wave;
And the ice-shod feet of his coursers fleet,
Have swept o'er the Old Year's grave.
He is here! he is here! the hale New Year!
They have kindled an hundred pyres,—
But my heart lies cold, with the Monarch old,
In the tomb of his hoary sires.

New York.

### Juan Ponce De Leon.

BY FRANCIS CHESSBORO.

Silently the misty veil of the past is drawn aside, and we behold the ocean waves roll in upon the shores of the new world, as more than three centuries ago, they lay in unexplored beauty.—For five days a small fleet has been hovering near the coast, unable to land on account of the tempestuous sea and dangerous currents. At length the deep is calmed, and the vessels float at anchor, amid all the splendors of a tropical night. The sparkling waves dash against the richly carved prows, but no sound rises from the motley throng, who with such varied hopes and interests crowd those frail barks. A solitary figure stands upon the deck of the flag ship, apparently wa ching the Southern cross. "'Tis past midnight," at length he ejaculates, "the cross begins to bend." Turning to the east he beholds the sky grow bright, but not with the light of stars, the moon is rising, and as the slanting beams strike the deck, they are flashed back by the glittering armor which encases his giant form. Motionless stands the warrior—but the blood courses with lightning speed, through his veins, as the breeze fans his worn cheek. That breeze is from the land, for surely the breath of flowers, the fragrance of groves of balm, mingles with its freshness. And why wakes the stern commander to its call, while his followers are sleeping?

A mighty ambition burns, a quenchless fire in the breast of that lonely man, kindled, not by the thirst for wealth and power alone, but for an undying fame. Yes! the companion of Columbus aspires to add a second world to the dominions of Spain. an enterprise, which if successful, will render the name Juan Ponce De Leon second only in glory to that of the adventurous Genoese. But already he is old—ever foremost among the gallant hosts who wrested Granada from the Moor, had flashed his conquering sabre. Bearing the scars won in many a hard fought battle, the aged soldier had left home and kindred, to join the chivalry of the sea, believing that in the New World to which he hastened, there awaited him triumphs more glorious than those of the Cæsars. For did not that world, rich with gold and gems, contain also the Fountain of Youth, the charm of whose waters should be more potent than the sparkling drops of the fabled Elixir of Life? And that he might discover this fountain—believed in even by Spain's wisest sages—why should the brave old Castilian doubt? True! he had drank of the purest waters that sparkled among the orange groves of the Bahamas, and still his cheek was sunken, and furrowed, his thin gray locks bore no resemblance to the black curls his plumes had shaded in manhood—no returning vigor nerved his sometimes faltering arm. But when the sacred wave yet to be discovered had stamped the seal of youth upon his brow, who should set bounds to his achievements? What wonder that his heart beat wildly against his iron mail? The moon paled midheaven, and the brilliant colors of the Orient were reflected where the green waters of the Atlantic mingle with the deep blue of the Ocean river, along whose rapid current his vessels were borne. Up sprang the tropical sun, deluging with glory the forest shore o that unknown land, which for days had mocked his longing sight—A sudden light flashed from the dark eyes of the veteran as he contemplated the El Dorado of his hopes. He had gazed upon the vega of Granada, Andalusia's crowning glory, the dreamlike beauty of the Alhambra still lingered in his memory—yet "never" he murmured, had he beheld a scene like this. Down the gently sloping hill-side, swept the rich forest of oak, chestnut, and palm Where the magnolias waved their white flowers by the river side, the scarlet flamingo stalked, its gorgeous plumage vieing with the bright-hued flowers that loaded each shrub. "It shall be called Pascha Florida," he exclaimed, "the Feast of Flowers for to-day from every cathedral in old Castile, the Easter bells are pealing, and the joyous salutation, Christ is risen, is echoed throughout the length and breadth of Spain. A shout of joy bursts from the crews who now swarmed the decks as the boat of the commander was lowered, and another rent the air, as Ponce de Leon stood in triumph on the shore of the Land of Flowers.

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Ten years have passed away,—the bold adventurer, although he has searched vainly for the fountain, yet believes he has discovered, instead of an Island, a continent overflowing with wealth. He has visited Spain, and returned with an Armada, furnished by his king, to subdue the country of which he is appointed ruler. But the element have fought against him, and his brave band even when safely landed, have been no match for the numerous and powerful tribes, who contested with them every foot of soil. They had given up at length the unequal strife and borne away their leader, dangerously wounded to his island home. Deeply chagrined he thought only of the failure of his last enterprise, forgetting that he had won a deathless name by his discoveries, and opened the path for a civilization which should spread over the fair Western World.

Yet once more we will gaze upon the wounded warrior. It is night, and the golden tropical moonlight streams softly through the groves of the Queen of the Antilles. The fire-flies, glancing through the shade, flash a strange, inconstant light upon the snowy flowers and glowing fruit of the orange trees as the breeze from the sea gently sways their branches. On through a garden, beautiful as our dreams of Eden, sweeps the west wind stirring in its course the half parted curtains, which separate the garden from a gorgeous room, where all night a mighty struggle has been going on—a strong spirit striving to free itself from a worn-out frame. The richly emblazoned banner of Spain, fills and sways, slowly above the couch, where the dying soldier had willed it to be hung. He is apparently sleeping. The light from the silvery lamps falls softly upon his pale forehead, and thin, white hair. His attendants scarce dare to breathe, lest his delirium should return. Suddenly the sleeper starts—then springs up erect and in the flash of that dark, burning eye, we recognize the eagle glance of Ponce de Leon. His mind is wandering; and again beneath the royal banner, Juan the lion hearted, tramples upon the jewelled crest of the Moor, and his hoarse war cry of Isabella and Castile, disturbs the solemn night. Far away on the sunny slopes of Andalusia, his spirit is revelling, in the stormy joy of fight, and the shout of "down with the infidel," bursts from parched lips. Ah! now the dream is over, the strength of fever is exhausted, and the light of returning consciousness gleams in his still brilliant eye. With a voice low and broken, he murmurs—"In thee, O Jesus, I trust. I have sinned, but thou hast forgiven." Wearily he sinks back upon his pillow: the body—for which the youth giving waters had been so eagerly and vainly sought—gave up its trust; the tired soul—may we not thus hope?—found at length a fountain springing up to everlasting life.

### An Indian Republic.

We find the following interesting account of a Dakota community, or rather regular Republic, in the St. Paul Advertiser of the 13th instant. The Advertiser calls it "The Hazlewood Republic."

Away up on the headwaters of the Minnesota, some forty miles above Fort Ridgley, in a corner of the miserly strip of territory of which the usufruct was reserved to the Dakotas—all that remains to them now of the magnificent heritage to which they was born—in the wilderness-home of seven thousand shiftless savages, the very Hades of Indian barbarism, yet dim with ghostly songs and legends, the philosophers of France and the poets of European regeneration have been outstripped by the Dakota hunter, and a veritable Republic, organized, representative, free, with a written constitution and a code of laws, has been established on the banks of the Yellow Medicine.

A community of Dakota Indians including some twenty-five families, renouncing the tribal system, the habits, the superstitions and the costume of their race, leaping at a single vault across centuries of barbarism, have adopted at once, by unanimous consent, the customs, the dress, and at least the elementary ideas of civilized society.

The traditional principle of the community of property has been abandoned—the whole tribal fabric dissolved and society reconstructed on the basis of justice to the individual, and its relations adjusted on the principal of individual responsibility. For this new order of thing a methodical organization has been effected, in which all male adults are represented and in which all directly participate. A President and Secretary were regularly elected. A Constitution and Code of By-Laws were written, and the rights of property recognized and defined. This is an abrupt transition, certainly, and presents the phenomenon not of growth but of transformation.

One finds the savage hunter of a year since, dressed to day in the costume of the white man—the hair cut short and the paint and ornaments discarded—living in neat houses of the simple but comfortable architecture usual in frontier settlements, with an enclosed field of four or five acres around him tilled with the implements of modern husbandry. The Indian woman released from the despotism of tribal prescription is no longer a beast of burden, but attends to the gentler duties of the household, while the husband accepts with pride the toil his recent pride disdained.

The interior of these little houses, usually built of logs, reminds one of the simple and innocent cottage life of the exiled Acadians. The rude furniture, fashioned by their uneducated skill, is in everything an imitation of civilization. The idea of comfort proceeds the idea of elegance in the growth of mind, and ordinary comforts are still novelties in Indian life, to which the sentiment of property, itself a novelty, gives a new charm. The rough bench or chair, the bed or bunk curtained with muskeeto gauze, the iron stove, the various utensils of cookery, the set of table ware upon the high, clean shelf, the lock and trunk, the suspended picture, the well filled larder, and the cultivated gardens outside, inclosed with neat fences, all attest the gradual development of the principle of acquisition, and the renunciation of the lazy doctrines of community.—To one familiar with the bleak, comfortless, entirely animal life and reckless improvidence of the Dakotas, this simple, domestic picture, sketched on that harsh and desolate background, appeals with the force of dramatic contrast—while it has for the student the interest of a new phase of historical development of which the conditions are new, and the causes not apparent.

And what power wrought this radical revolution in the midst of the Dakotas? Was it the spontaneous development of a latent tendency accelerated by the exigencies of the new mode of life forced on them by the policy of the Government? Was it the reflex influence of the civilization which surrounds them? Perhaps these had the effect of suggestions or of arguments. But the hazlewood Republic was the fruit, in fact, of long years of thankless toil and of heroic self sacrifice—the tardy results of the despised labors of the Dakota Missionaries. Two excellent men, the Rev. Dr. Williamson and the Rev. S. R. Riggs, who have devoted their lives to the evangelization of the Sioux, find in this the first sheaf of the harvest which is springing up from their joint labors. Men sneered at them and ridiculed the pious devotion which seemed to them objectless and visionary; and in fact, it was not by the inculcation of abstract religious ideas, but by practical lessons in the rudements of material civilization, that the missionaries have achieved any desirable ends.—Mr. Riggs is a cultivated scholar, and the editor of a valuable grammar and dictionary. It is around the mission house of this gentleman that the Hazlewood Republic has established its settlement: and its members—many of whom can read and write Dakota, some of them even English—are composed chiefly of his pupils and converts. It was under his auspices that the Hazlewood Republic was organized some two years since. The members—the male adults voting—having elected "Paul" their President, and "Hennurk" Secretary. The latter was educated somewhere in the East. The thrift of these people in their new mode of life may be inferred from the fact that Major Flandreau, the agent for the Sioux to whom we are indebted for the principal details of the above narative, recently bought 400 bushels of potatoes, and 500 bushels of corn from them.

The Major informs us that their accounts against the Government are usually attested by vouchers in their own handwriting. It is his design to encourage by every possible means this forward movement among the Sioux. No portion of the school fund provided by the Treaty had been appropriated until a small portion of the sum due, $4 000, was received by him. A part of this was judiciously expended in the establishment of a Dakota school in the Republic, taught for the present by a native Indian.

At the Red Wood agency, we should not forget to mention, a similar settlement of Indians has commenced, and now numbers some eleven or twelve families. We shall watch with deep interest the progress of the Hazlewood Republic.

### How to Preserve Women.

There is nothing in the world that we think so much of as we do of women. Our mother was a woman—wife, sisters, pretty cousins are women; and the daughters will be if they live long enough. And then there is a love of women in general which we do not deny. A fine, magnificent specimen of the sex full of life and health, a ripe, red cheek, and flashing eye, is something that does one good to look at as she illuminates the humdrum sidewalks, and every day streets. A North river Steamer under full headway, with colors flying, is rather a pretty sight—rather stiring and inspiring; and we pull up our tired nag to see her pass and admire the swell she cuts. Comparatively, however, the steamer sinks into insignificance, or some other very deep water, by the side of a well kept, well dressed woman. There is no rubbing it out: women are the ornament, charm, blessing, beauty and bliss of life—men's life, of course. Any means that can be devised for preserving them should be publicly made known. They are different from any other kind of fruit. You cannot pickle them; you cannot do them up in sugar and set them in a cold room, with a paper soaked in brandy over their mouths. You cannot put them up in cans and seal them up air tight, without injuring the form and flavor.

Now, as men are so dependent upon women for life's choicest blessings, a proper mode of preserving them becomes of great moment, and we are sure that the public will thank us for an infallible receipt. Have the feet well protected; then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impressions made upon these organs through the skin that shiver comes. It's nature's quake—the alarm bell at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothing on her chest, and off go her teeth in a chatter, and the whole organism is in commotion. The sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connections of the dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it—for the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or register. Air that is dry or burnt, and more or less charged with gases enveloped by the fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make the beds with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad, and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room with double windows. Fruit will not retain its form and flavor in air-tight cans; neither will women. They need air. If the shiver comes on during these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest.

Again: do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet but feeds the flower. No living animal or vegetable can enjoy health in darkness. Light is almost as necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferable, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion.

This much in regard to the physical means for preservation. There are moral means no less important. Every woman should be married to an excellent man. Marriage, it is true, brings care and wear; but it is the ring that is worn that keeps bright, and the watch that lies still and unwound that gets out of order. The sweet sympathies involved in the relations of the family, the new energies developed by new responsibilities, the new compensation for all outlays of strength, bring about a delightful play of the heart and intellect, which, in their reaction upon the body, produce an effect that is nothing less than preservation.—Then there is a higher moral power than this—one which we speak of soberly and honestly. No one is completely armed against the encroaching ills of life, who has in the heart no place for religion.—The calmness, patience and the joy and hope that are in possession of that woman whose heart is right in its highest relation, can never fail to preserve and heighten every personal power and charm that she possesses.

There, you have the receipt. Some of it is in sportive form, but it is not the less sober truth. It has within it the cure for many a disease—the preventative for more. It might be longer; but when we see its prescriptions universally adopted, it will be time to bring forward the remainder.

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—Downing, the celebrated 'oysterman' of Broad street, New York, having accumulated a fortune of over $100,000, is about to retire. He is a colored man, and has been a favorite of Wall street operators many years.